



A BAD PREDICAMENT.

The Girls Surprised the Young Man Asleep on a Parlor Sofa.

A very amusing story is told concerning a prominent young Louisville society man who visited Chicago during the world's fair. He was boarding at the home of relatives while there, and, as large crowds were flocking in during the last week, he was so accommodating as to give up his room and sleep on a sofa in the parlor.

One morning he overslept himself, and, as his door was unlocked, what was his surprise to find three pretty Louisville young women enter the room. He had presence of mind enough to roll under the sofa, and back into a dark corner, before they threw open the shutters. But, although he had tucked himself away, he had neglected to hide his clothes, which were thrown across a rocking chair. The girls saw the clothing, but, believing they had been left there accidentally by the lady of the house, thought nothing about them and began a lively chat about the matters of the day.

The young man did not mind his imprisonment at first, but grew very nervous, as the minutes gradually lengthened into hours. He stood it for two hours, but at last grew so exasperated that he thumped upon the floor, and weakly put his head out from under the sofa and asked the young women to leave him until he put on his clothes. It is needless to say that their embarrassment was great, and that none of them mentioned it while in Chicago, but, as the young man has since recovered from the shock, he has been unable to restrain himself from telling a few friends of his awkward predicament.

Her Title.

The newly-elected mayor of the Kansas town of Pleasanton, Mrs. Anna Austin, should not speak of herself as the mayoress of the place, but must take her proper title of mayor. In English usage a mayoress is the wife of a mayor, but she does not possess any executive authority and is not an officer of the municipality, like the new mayor of Pleasanton, who is not a mayoress. We salute Mayor Anna Austin!—New York Sun.

It's One Woman Member.

The Chautauqua summer school has so far boasted precisely one woman member of its faculty. She is Mrs. P. H. McClelland, the wife of Professor W. D. McClelland, whose critical researches into literature have been of so much pleasure and profit to readers and students. Both husband and wife are also upon the staff of the Chicago university. Mrs. McClelland's specialty is the Anglo-Saxon language and literature.—Exchange.

A Woman Elected President.

Dr. Orpha D. Baldwin was unanimously elected president of the Homeopathic Medical Society of Milwaukee county, Ok., at its last meeting. Dr. Baldwin was a graduate of Boston University in 1883 and has resided in Portland three years. For the past year she has been the attending physician at the Baby Home, where from 20 to 40 orphan children are humanely cared for.—Exchange.

A Round Robin Club.

Miss Louise Stocker, a sister of Frank R. Stocker and a resident of Philadelphia, has organized a Round Robin Reading club, designed for the promotion of the systematic study of literature. The instruction is carried on by correspondence, and the reading is done at home or in clubs and circles formed for the purpose.—Philadelphia Call.

Miss Van Norden's Mission.

The chief speaker at a revival meeting in New York the other evening was Miss Emma Van Norden, the banker's daughter who surprised society a year and a half ago by joining the Salvation Army. Several other fashionable families are said to be represented at the revival meetings.—New York Telegram.

England Takes Another Step.

The British house of commons has taken another step toward full suffrage for women. It has voted that the provisions of the bill in regard to women and the parish and district councils shall apply also to the London vestries. Women will therefore be able to act as members of those important bodies.

Author and Descendant.

Mrs. Charles Avery Doremus, whose play, "The Full Hand," was given recently at the Madison Square theater, is the wife of a New York physician. She is a descendant of President Jefferson, was educated in Paris and is the author of a number of novelties.—New York Commercial.

Temperance women of Norway recently asked the police authorities to make it unlawful for women or girls to serve in public houses. The request has been granted, and at present an alehouse keeper cannot employ any other woman than his own wife.

Miss Sparrow, a London journalist, recently took off her head to sweep a crevice just to see what it was like. It was Lady Georgiana Fullerton who once performed the same act in order to allow the regular sweeper to attend mass.

Harpers' Bazaar mentions that Mrs. Sheridan, wife of the famous general, is almost the only widow of a great public man who absolutely declined purses, funds and any such testimonials after his death.

A dozen bright girls in the city of London have formed a school of fiction, each writing a story a month to be read at the meetings. A capital idea.

Restaurants have been established in Boston for women and girls exclusively which furnish a nutritious meal for a nickel.

Of the 563 convicts in Michigan penitentiaries not one is a woman.

The Age of Pneumonia.
The citizens of Dijon, France, have just voted a tax for putting a railing around a tree which stands within the city limits. The tree bears a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest popular in France. The town council has a record tracing the history of the tree since the year 720 A. D. It is 122 feet in height and forty-five feet in circumference at the base.

Our kitchen being on floor above dining room you get no unpleasant odor from same, at Whittier & Co.



NEW BONNETS AND HATS.

The hat at the top is of black chif faced with mazarine blue. The drapery is of black velvet and there is a feather of darker shade. The hat on the left is of black velvet with a short of green crepe set on the top and brim. The pink and dark purple satin strings are apple green. The center is of merte velvet, with facings of gold lace, tipped by three green plumes. The large hat at the left is of dark brown fine straw, with seal brown velvet chout and high loops.

HUMOR

WASN'T SURE.

But Upon Consideration Concluded Not to Have the Other Arrested.

"Are you a policeman?" he asked as he halted a patrolman of Jefferson avenue yesterday.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Bug lar policeman, eh?"

"Yes."

"Do you see that left eye of mine?"

"I couldn't very well help seeing it. Somebody must have landed on that eye, and before night it will be as black as your hat."

"Yes. A feller down here hauled off and banged me and knocked me clear into the street. I saw about a million stars when he landed."

"And you want him arrested, of course?"

"Yiduno. I thought I'd ask your advice about it. You are an older man than I am and have probably traveled around more. You see, I called him a scoundrel."

"Oh, you did!"

"That made him mad, but he didn't hit me till I called him a phosphated lizard."

"I see."

"That would sort of knock my case out in court, wouldn't it?"

"I think it would."

"And another thing, when you see a feller with a black eye, you naturally reason that he's a fighter, don't you?"

"Yes, that is the inference."

"Bug lar cyclone on wheels, so to speak, and a dangerous man to fool with?"

"Yes."

"While he's got one black eye you naturally infer that he gave the other feller two?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I want, and you needn't trouble yourself about the case. I'm goin' out home and show this eye off and spit over my shoulder and go around lookin' powerful ugly, and I'm bettin' no cent that nobody in our township胆子 to knock a chip off my shoulder."—Detroit Free Press.

At the Bargain Counter.

She was a well-dressed woman of imposing mind and rasping voice, and she gradually worked her way toward the center of a small crowd of other women who were concentrating their attention upon a pile of cute little teapots being sold for 5 cents each.

Four bored-looking young women were waiting on the crowd, and answering questions. Cash girls were struggling back and forth with pots in wrappers and pots about to be wrapped up and brought change.

The big woman finally got her money.

"How much did you say?"

"Five cents, madam." The price was marked on a great white placard that could be seen a block.

"Five cents for this one?"

"Yes, madam."

"How much for the green kind?"

"Five cents."

"Are they damaged?" taking one up and shaking it and looking it all over for holes.

"No."

"How can you afford to sell them so cheap? There's probably something the matter with them."

"Oh, no; they're cheap goods. Have that one?"

"Yes; no, I'll take a green one." She fished out 5 cents. "Here is my address."

"Excuse me, madam. We can't deliver them."

"Who-a? You don't suppose I'm going to carry that all the way home! Gimme that 5 cents."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Total Ignorance.

"I," said Jemison in a loud voice that could be heard all over the church—"I believe in giving unostentatiously, in concealing from my left hand what my right hand doeth. I don't suppose any-

body here knows that I gave \$500 toward the new organ fund."

"No," said Jingleberry, "not even the treasurer of the fund."—Harper's Bazaar.

Faster Than the Wind.

Little Son.—The iceboat we made went faster than the wind today.

Proud Mother.—That is wonderful. But, now I think of it, I didn't notice any wind today when I was out.

Little Son.—No, there wasn't any. We pushed the boat.—Good News.

When the End Comes.

He.—My love will have no ending, dear.

She.—Now, I say, George, aren't you going to marry me, after all?—Yonkers Statesman.

Sour Grapes.



Miss Pert.—It is useless of you to urge me to marry you. When I say no, I mean no.

Mr. Cimino.—Always?

Miss Pert.—Invariably. Mr. Cimino.—And can nothing ever change your determination when you once make up your mind?

Miss Pert.—Absolutely nothing.

Mr. Cimino.—Well, I wouldn't care to marry a woman like that.—Brooklyn Life.

Solemn Marriage.

He.—He was engaged to the girl, but he would not carry out the contract, though he refused to give her up.

She.—He coaxed him at first to give up his foolish notion, but he wouldn't have it, and finally she kicked out of the traces.

"Why don't you stop fooling?" she said, "and marry me?"

"My dear," he pleaded, "marriage is my cause world be beside."

Smile!—What do you mean?

"I mean that I am so poor I could not hire a cook."

"Well," she urged bravely, "what of that? I am strong and well and can do the cooking until you are rich enough to hire a cook."

"I know that, my dear love," he murmured, taking her face in his hands, "it is your cooking that I am afraid of." And young love's dream was split wide open.—Detroit Free Press.

An Explanatory Epigraph.

The following epigraph is to be found in the Cross Lickyard, Shetland, on a ham-sandwich menu:

From the Roman Book.

Born 1st January, 1852, died 6th June, 1885, aged sixty-three years. He was a peasant and quiet man, and to all appearance a simple Christian. His death was very much lamented.

Latin.—*Ex mortuis non est dolor, sed mortuorum dolor.*

French.—*Il n'y a pas de douleur au-delà de la mort, mais il y a douleur au-delà de l'homme mort.*

German.—*Nicht der Tod ist schmerzhaft, sondern der Tod des Mannes.*

Italian.—*Non è il morire che fa male, ma il morire di un uomo.*

Spanish.—*No es la muerte lo que duele, sino la muerte de un hombre.*

Portuguese.—*Não é a morte que dói, mas a morte de um homem.*

Russian.—*Смерть не больно, но смерть человека.*

Irish.—*It is not death that is painful, but the death of a man.*

Swedish.—*Det är inte döden som är smärta, utan att en man är död.*

Dutch.—*De dood is niet pijnlijk, maar de dood van een mens.*

Polish.—*Nie śmierć jest bolała, ale śmierć człowieka.*

French.—*La mort n'est pas douloureuse, mais la mort d'un homme.*

Italian.—*La morte non è dolorosa, ma la morte di un uomo.*

Spanish.—*La muerte no es dolorosa, pero la muerte de un hombre.*

Portuguese.—*A morte não é dolorosa, mas a morte de um homem.*

French.—*La mort n'est pas douloureuse, mais la mort d'un homme.*

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